

PASTOR, SHE SAYS, ASKED HER TO SIT ON HIS KNEE

Miss Law Makes Serious
Charges Against Rev.
Mr. MacLaurin.

DRUNK, ALSO, SHE SAYS.

Both Accusations Are Indig-
nantly Denied by the Cler-
gyman and Friends.

The Rev. Archibald B. MacLaurin, pastor of the Sixteenth Street Baptist Church, who is being tried by the deacons of the church on charges of conduct unbecoming a clergyman, made the remarkable statement to-day that the members of the congregation interested in accusing him made up the sagacious and bold of his flock and that he was going to kick them all out of his parish.

The preacher said this to an Evening World reporter when seen in his study in the rectory. He said it in the presence of his brother, the Rev. Donald D. MacLaurin, pastor of the Greene Avenue Baptist Church, Brooklyn, and a Miss Maude Morgan, a very pretty young woman with yellow hair and bright blue eyes. She lives at No. 250 West Sixteenth street, and she is one of the most earnest champions of the accused clergyman.

The brother and Miss Morgan smiled approval when the Rev. Archibald said he would rid the church of the rag-tag and bob-tail of the flock who were trying to besmirch his reputation.

Miss Law's Serious Charge.

The reporter had this to see Miss Law, an austring-haired young woman, one of the principal witnesses against the clergyman. Miss Law said that she told the deacons at the trial last night of a visit her pastor had paid her when, she alleged, he was under the influence of liquor.

"I was shocked at his condition when he came into the house," said Miss Law. "My mother and father were out and I was alone. When he learned that I was alone he asked me to come and sit on his knee, holding out his arms to me. I was overwhelmed with dismay and told him what I thought of his conduct. Then he began to tell me what he said were funny stories, but they were awful, and I was so relieved when my father and mother came home and Mr. MacLaurin left."

'Tis False, He Ories.

When told of this statement the Baptist preacher cried out that it was false. Miss Morgan and his brother echoed the exclamation. Then he said: "No drop of whiskey has ever crossed my lips except for medicinal purposes. A terrible conspiracy has been formed against me in this church and I will expose its purpose when the deacons meet on Thursday night to continue my trial. When I expose this conspiracy all of my enemies will be driven from the church. The church will be rid of those for they make up the rag-tag and bob-tail of my congregation."

"Two-thirds of my parishioners, the very best people in the church, are with me in my fight and I thank God for their loyalty. After these charges against me are dismissed, as I know they will be, there will be a thorough house-cleaning in the church and we will be rid of this rag-tag and bob-tail, this undesirable one-third."

Miss Morgan Pleads for Him.

The Rev. Mr. MacLaurin was informed that Miss Law had said that after his visit to her he had sent Miss Morgan to her to threaten her with counter-charges if she persisted in accusing him. Miss Law said she had shown Miss Morgan the door, refusing to listen to her argument for the pastor. The clergyman said there was no word of truth in this. Miss Morgan also denied it.

Mrs. Georgiana McPherson, of No. 121 Eighth avenue, the leader of the faction against the pastor, said to an Evening World reporter to-day:

"God will put the victory in our hands and we will triumph. We have got the Rev. Mr. MacLaurin down on his marrow-bones now, and we will keep him there." Mrs. McPherson said that there will be a meeting at her house to-night of the women and men in the church who are with her in the fight to oust Mr. MacLaurin.

Another accuser of the clergyman, Miss Kate Woodruff, of No. 165 West Twenty-second street, said to-day that Mr. MacLaurin had been around the parish spreading terrible stories in an effort to blacken and ruin her character.

C. A. PEABODY WILL GET M'CURDY'S JOB

Declared to Be Slated as Per-
manent President of the
Mutual Life.

STANDARD OIL CHOICE.

Cromwell to Remain Temporary
Head of Company Until Re-
forms Are Effected.

Charles A. Peabody, lawyer, financier, railroad man and agent of the William Walker Aster estate, will be the next President of the Mutual Life Insurance Company.

Acting President Frederic Cromwell to-day admitted that Mr. Peabody was the only man being seriously considered by members of the board. It is unlikely, however, that Mr. Peabody will be elected at the board meeting to-morrow, as it is understood that Mr. Cromwell is about to institute some reforms and will not be disturbed until they are executed. He will then retire from any official capacity and continue only as an advisory member.

Mr. Peabody was unwilling to be interviewed at his office, No. 1 Wall street. A member of the Mutual Board to-day said that Mr. Peabody would accept.

The suggestion of Mr. Peabody's name is declared to have been made several factions in the board and closed a breach which it was feared might widen beyond repair. Mr. Peabody is said to be the candidate of the Standard Oil crowd as represented in the board by George F. Baker, chairman of the Mutual's Finance Committee. The name of Victor Rosalinsky, chairman of the Atlantic, Tropic and Santa Fe, was suggested, but Mr. Rosalinsky discouraged it.

It is predicted that First Vice-President Robert A. Grammes and Second Vice-President Walter R. Gillette, of the Mutual, will retire. Rumor said that Mr. Cromwell would be elected to the First Vice-Presidency, but Mr. Cromwell said to-day that when a new President was elected he would retire for good.

"Mr. Peabody is a prime man and would make an excellent President," said he. "He is being seriously considered by many members of the board. I will stay at the helm until a new President is named, when I will retire from the Mutual excepting in an advisory capacity. I have great faith in Mr. Cromwell did not disclose the nature of the reforms he proposes to execute, but it is understood that there is to be a thorough house-cleaning, and that when it is finished the McCurdy, big and little, will be out of jobs."

NEARLY 10 OF HIS 23 YEARS IN JAIL

Youth May Be Adjudged an
Habitual Criminal in
Court.

When Thomas Murti, who says he was when out of prison at No. 67 Canal street, is arraigned for sentence before Judge Otto A. Rosalinsky in General Sessions to-morrow, he will in all probability be adjudged an habitual criminal and sent to Sing Sing Prison for a long term.

Although Murti is only twenty-three years old he has been a criminal since he was eight years old, and has served eight terms in various penal institutions ranging from two months to four years. Altogether Murti has spent nine years and ten months in prison since his eighth birthday.

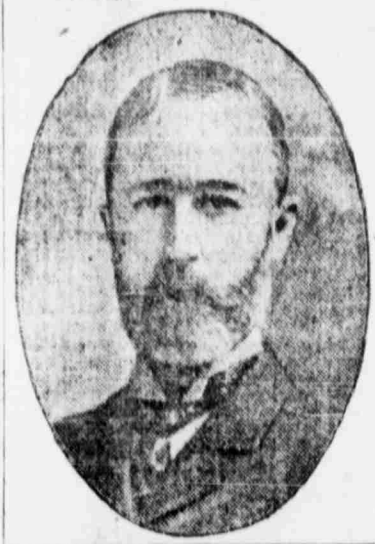
Murti was convicted to-day by a jury in Judge Rosalinsky's court of burglary. On Nov. 1 he broke into the store at No. 124 East Fourteenth street and stole \$50 worth of merchandise and cigars.

He was trying to dispose of the booty when arrested.

In police circles Murti has always been considered a "rascal." Detectives have told Judge Rosalinsky there is absolutely no good in him. Efforts have been made by well-meaning persons to reform Murti, but in vain. Criminologists have long looked upon him as a unique study. He cannot be honest, and he frankly admits it.

According to the police records Murti was born in Switzerland and came to this country when four years old with his parents. Before he was eight years

PEABODY TO BE HEAD OF MUTUAL.



HELPED HER BEAU IN A FAMILY ROW

Mary Curran Resisted Police-
man When He Came to
Arrest Peter Daly.

Peter Daly, a building young giant, over 6 feet tall, was to-day held in \$500 bail by Magistrate Moss in Harlem Court when feeble, gray-haired, little Mrs. Ann Curran charged him with assault. Mrs. Curran's daughter Mary was also fined \$10 for taking Daly's part in the fight with her own family.

Mrs. Curran is a tiny woman, fifty-five years old, and lives with her husband, Patrick, aged seventy, and her daughters Mary and Lizzie, at No. 180 East One Hundred and First street. Three weeks ago Daly went there to board. He is a lanky giant of twenty-four, and according to the Currans, was very attentive to Mary, too much so for a fellow who had lost his job.

Last night Mary and Peter were out late. Along toward midnight they came home unusually boisterous. Daly had spent the last of his money, and when he found old Patrick Curran sitting up he said to have attempted a "frunch." Patrick refused and roundly railed Daly for being so extravagant when he had no job.

By way of suitable reply Daly, according to the Currans, began to break up the furniture. Mr. Curran didn't like it and old and feeble as he was, he resisted when Daly went at him. While the young giant was beating him the uproar awakened Mrs. Curran and Lizzie, her other daughter. They rushed out in their nightgowns and attempted to rescue Curran. As the little old woman came at him Daly struck her over the eye. He also brand her shoulder and struck Lizzie, who had mixed in the melee.

By this time the tenement was thoroughly aroused and the neighbors were sending around to the East One Hundred and Fourth street station for a policeman. Lizzie Curran didn't know this, and she hastily dressed and started for the door on a similar errand.

There it was that Mary, who had been watching the fight, cast her lot with Daly against her own family. She blocked Lizzie, and the two sisters, who were in a hair-pulling contest, which was interrupted by the arrival of Police Officer James J. Connelley, rushed to the door. As he broke loose the sister a lighted lamp. He took the lamp from her and she tried a chair.

The policeman arrested Daly and tried to take him away, but was struck enough, but Mary who had been to her brother's coat and she looked like a tug of war until Radio arrested her also.

old he ran away from home and in 1881 was arrested and committed to the Catholic Reformatory. He had been arrested while breaking into a store.

He escaped from the Catholic Reformatory and a few days later was caught by a policeman breaking into another store. For this crime he was sent to the House of Refuge. There he was kept for some time and he was not until 1885 he was heard from again. He was caught once more committing a burglary and was sentenced to the Elmira Reformatory.

After his release from Elmira, Murti became a full fledged burglar. He organized a gang and plundered right and left. In 1888 he was sentenced to Sing Sing prison for four years and because of an infection of the rules of the prison served his full term.

Two weeks after his release he was caught in another burglary, pleaded guilty and got off with a four-months sentence in the Reformatory. A week subsequent to his release from the Reformatory Central Office detectives got him again with two others robbing a flat and as was sent to Sing Sing prison for two years and six months.

This year Murti has served two terms of two months each in the Reformatory for petty larceny, both sentences being imposed by the justices of the Court of Special Sessions.

FERRY-BOAT AND SCHOONER CRASH

Collision in East River Lays
Up Both Vessels for
Repairs.

The ferryboat Garden City left James' slip this forenoon and headed up stream for Long Island City.

As the ferryboat got into the stream the schooner Michael Collins was taking across the river, also heading northward. Just then the big sound steamer Chester Chapin, came down the river.

The ferryboat's captain saw at once that a collision was almost certain. He signalled all steam and the Garden City started ahead at extra speed. The ferryboat was in a pocket and the captain tried to cross the schooner's bow. The Chapin showed down.

It was too late. The bowsprit of the schooner crashed into the ladies' cabin of the ferryboat just forward of the paddlebox and ripped and tore timbers and iron. Women screamed and ran with the men outside. Some of the men began getting out life-preservers. One or two cooler ones quieted the rest.

As the bowsprit tore along the starboard side of the ferryboat, breaking through the windows and everything that it hit, the schooner's stern swung around quickly. With the drifting of the stern around the big boom swung over and hit Capt. Thomas Miller a terrific blow, knocking him to the deck unconscious.

The Chapin stopped as the collision happened and her crew started to lower a boat. That was unnecessary, however, in the vicinity went to the aid of the schooner. The captain of the tugboat Royal made fast a line and hauled her to the foot of East Fourth street.

The disabled ferryboat went on her way with her frightened passengers and when she reached Long Island City she was laid up in the slip.

Captain Miller was so badly hurt that he was taken to his home, No. 224 First avenue.

SHOT BY HIS STEPSON.

PITTSBURG, Kan., Dec. 5.—WILLIAM Lawrence, fifty years of age, a prominent citizen, was shot and instantly killed here to-day by John Graham, his stepson, who was playing with a target rifle when it was discharged.

Theatrical Manager Dead.

MILFORD, Conn., Dec. 5.—Eugene Leslie Jacques, fifty, owner of Jacques Theatre, of Waterbury, Conn., one of Connecticut's best known theatrical managers, died yesterday.

WAKE FOR LOTTIE IN CHINATOWN

Died as She Had Lived for
Ten Years in the
Slums.

The candle of Lottie Lane's existence was snuffed as she had lived—in the heart of Chinatown surrounded by the intoxicants of the precinct and attended in the company of its habitués, when Lottie Lane passed with a smile or admitted to the domicile which had been maintained for her by her Chinese "husband." In the tall tenement, at No. 17 Pell street, in the midst of a convivial assemblage of men and women, blear-eyed comports, Lottie Lane died early this morning amidst ribald laughter and coarse jokes.

She had gone the "optum route," and while the police are uncertain as to the manner of her death, they agree that dissipation and opium were the primary causes. Hence the blotter contains the statement "natural causes." To guard against justice going astray the gifted officers of the law placed a trio of Lottie Lane's associates under arrest—a trio who drank her health and wished her long life in her apartments a minute before the candle which she had burned at both ends flickered out.

Parrot Says, "Poor Lottie."

The body reposed on the crude bed to-day in an inner room. A burly policeman, good natured and lenient, had permitted the entrance of friends of the dead woman and they sat within the outer room in congenial elbow proximity to the bluecast smoking cigarettes and drinking the waking glass to the memory of the dead woman. A parrot waddled across the sand floor and fluttered to the foot of the bedpost, eyeing with head askant the form of the dead woman. "Poor Lottie," droned the parrot, "Poor Lottie," and then the bird, as if possessed, screamed hysterically, flapped its wings and hopped to the uncurtained door, strode backward and forward as if in a paroxysm of grief.

"Yes, poor Lottie," grieved a woman of Chinatown, "she always did me right," and the others joined in the wail which followed. The big policeman echoed: "Poor Lottie, she was a good fellow." The men who were accustomed daily to deliver coal and wood at the Lane apartments thrust their heads in at the door and asked if he could do anything. Chinatown was beginning to evidence its charity.

"I knew her well," said the coal and wood man. "She always paid me to the dot and never kicked about a shypail or half a bundle. Well, she was too good for the bunch around here, I guess," and the door slammed with this parting salute directed at the throng within.

Lottie Lane's history before she went into Chinatown is a blank to its habitués. She appeared there ten years ago when she was sixteen. She conformed to a few that was the daughter of a clergyman, but the identity of her parents remained a secret in death.

She was pretty at first; then the signs of continued dissipation began to tell their tale.

Her charms waning and her first animosity toward Chinatown deepened, she accepted the advances and overtures of Tom Wah Sow, and they were married according to the rites of Chinatown. Tom Wah Sow was good like Chinese husbands usually are. He gave Lottie the luxuries of the quarter and with her disappearing attractions she was contented. Tom Wah Sow was employed on a Government tender and six months ago died, after a short illness.

Then the prospect of Lottie Lane's affairs became gloomy. She actually grieved over the death of her husband, and then the unpaid bills began to pile up. Lottie sought consolation in the "pipe," to which she applied herself more, without the temperance which Tom Wah Sow had advised. She drank, too, heavily, but continued to entertain on the falling credit which the prestige of her dead husband still afforded.

Lottie was playing hostess last night and a good time had been planned by her. The friends came, "bobby-guys" and all. Among the group were Joseph Awan, a Chinese-Japanese, of No. 6 Cherry street; William Johnson, of Sheepshead Bay, and Tessa Fitzsimmons, of No. 12 Bell street. The parrot was singing "Under the Shade of the Old Apple Tree" and talking with unbecoming vigor to the accompaniment of the ghid song and sincere laughter, when Lottie complained of a "tightness" about the heart.

How She Died.

"She got as white as a sheet all of a sudden," said one of the women "guess" to-day, "and I took it into my head that she was going to die on the spot. I told Lottie to undress and lie on the bed. She took off her corsets and things and said, after lying down, she felt better. Well, she was game. She told us to go ahead with the fun, when, when one of the bunch said, 'What's the matter with Lottie?' She said, 'I feel tight.' We went into the room and there she was white and—well, we didn't know she was dead until the doctor came and said: 'I can't do anything for her. You'd better tell the police.'"

"Well, we did, and Awan, Johnson

LAND FRAUD WITNESS BRUTALLY BEATEN.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 5.—A telegram was received at the Interior Department to-day stating that one of the principal witnesses against Congressman Williamson, of Oregon, in the cases growing out of the land frauds in that State, was brutally assaulted and seriously injured by the town marshal of Pineville, Mr. Williamson's home, for having testified against Williamson in the recent trial.

CHILD SLAYER GETS SENTENCED FOR LIFE

Gustav Dinsner, recently convicted of the murder of Gertrude Hyland, the two-year-old daughter of Agnes Renaude, with whom he lived, was sentenced to Sing Sing for life by Judge Rosalinsky, in General Sessions to-day.

After sentence had been passed K. Henry Rosenberg representing Dinsner, served notice that he would apply at once for a certificate of reasonable doubt.

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PLOVER Diplomáticos
Long-stripped, mild, seed filler; a clean, pleasant smoke.
Box of 25, - - - 75c.

GENERAL BRADDOCK, Diplomáticos
An extra good Domestic Cigar, genuine Sumatra wrapped and filled with a very smooth, even-burning, long Havana seed tobacco.
Box of 25, - - - \$1.00
Box of 50, - - - 2.00

PALMA de CUBA, Delicados
A full-sized Concha, long Havana-filled and Havana-wrapped; extraordinary good value.
Box of 25, - - - \$1.00

ISLE OF PINES, Apollos
Clear Havana Panetelas; something extra good; right up to the average three-for-a-quarter.
Box of 25, - - - \$1.25
Box of 50, - - - 2.50

HALL MARK, Diplomáticos
Clean, long-filled and good workmanship; a better cigar than many straight fives.
Box of 25, - - - 63c.

LA TUNITA, Princesses
A slender, aristocratic-looking cigar, made entirely of Imported Porto Rican leaf; a great smoke, sure to please the majority of smokers.
Box of 25, - - - \$1.25

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A woman's physical condition shows quickly in her face. Pale cheeks, colorless lips, biliousness, sick headache and lassitude indicate conditions that need to be promptly remedied. Every woman is subject to the weaknesses of her sex, but prudence should lead her to strengthen the system at those times when Nature needs assistance. A little forethought will save much distress and prevent painful complications. Taken as needed

BEECHAM'S PILLS

will prove an efficient remedy for the relief of womanly ills. They strengthen the nerves, purify the blood, improve the appetite and exert a very necessary tonic action on the entire system. Their use is never attended by any disagreeable effects. They are a mild medicine, but a peculiarly efficacious one. Full directions for women accompany each box.

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